

THE  
SHIPWRECK:

OR,  
PAUL AND MART.

VOL. II.

SHIRAZ

W. W. R. R.





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SHIPWRECK:

OR,

PAUL AND MARY.

AN

INDIAN TALE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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LONDON:

Printed for W. LANE, Leadenhall-Street.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

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# PAUL AND MARY.

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## CHAP. XIV.

### PAUL'S DISTRESS.

PAUL began.—“ Miss, it is  
“ said you are to depart in  
“ three days. Are you not afraid  
“ of exposing yourself to the dan-  
“ gers of the sea?—of that sea  
“ which you have ever dreaded!”  
“ I must (replied Mary) obey  
“ my parents, and do what is my  
Vol. II. B “ duty.”



“duty.” “You are, then, (said  
“Paul,) to quit us for a relation  
“at a distance, whom you have  
“never seen!” “Alas! (said  
“Mary) I could wish to remain  
“here the whole of my life: but  
“my mother is not willing:  
“and my confessor hath told me,  
“that it is the will of heaven  
“I should go; and that this life  
“is a state of probation—Oh,  
“’tis a probation too severe!”

“What! (replied Paul,) have  
“so many reasons decided you,  
“and not one to balance on the  
“other hand! Ah! you are silent  
“on that head! Riches have  
“great attractions! You will  
“soon find, in a new world, some  
“one



“ one on whom you will bestow  
“ the name of brother, and you  
“ will remember me no more!  
“ You will choose that brother,  
“ from amongst persons worthy  
“ of you by a birth and fortune,  
“ which I have not to offer. But  
“ to be more happy, whither  
“ will you go? In what country  
“ will you land, which can be  
“ dearer to you than this, in  
“ which you were born? Where  
“ will you form a society more  
“ amiable than that which love  
“ you? How will you live with-  
“ out the caresses of your mother,  
“ to which you are so accus-  
“ ed? What will become of her,  
“ already in years, when she shall  
“ behold you no more at her side,

“ at her table, in the house, and  
“ in the walks where she leaned  
“ upon you? What will become  
“ of mine, who loves you as  
“ well as your own? What shall  
“ I say to both, when I shall see  
“ them weeping at your absence?  
“ Cruel girl! I speak not so  
“ much on my own account:  
“ but what will become of me,  
“ when the morning arrives in  
“ which I shall see you amongst  
“ us no more, and night shall  
“ approach without uniting us  
“ again; when I shall behold these  
“ two trees, planted at our birth,  
“ and long witnesses of our mu-  
“ tual friendship? Ah! since  
“ you are so taken with novelty,  
“ and go in quest of fortune in  
“ other



“ other climes than your natal,  
“ and other riches than those  
“ earned by my labour, let me  
“ accompany you in the same  
“ ship. I will cheer you in  
“ those storms which even ter-  
“ rify you so much upon land:  
“ I will repose your head on my  
“ bosom; and when your heart  
“ chills with fear, I will warm  
“ it with mine: and in France,  
“ whither you go to seek for-  
“ tune and grandeur, I will serve  
“ you as your slave. Happy in  
“ your happiness alone, in those  
“ elegant mansions, where I  
“ shall see you served and adored,  
“ I shall be still rich and noble  
“ enough to make the greatest

“ of sacrifices in dying at your  
“ feet.”

His grief stopt his voice; and  
we immediately heard Mary utter  
these words, interrupted with  
sighs——“ ’Tis for you that I go  
“ —for you, whom I have seen  
“ each day bowed down with la-  
“ bour to support two infirm  
“ families. If I have embraced  
“ the opportunity of becoming  
“ rich, it is that I may return  
“ you a thousand fold for what  
“ you have done for us. Is it  
“ a fortune worthy thy friendship?  
“ Why do you speak to me of  
“ your birth? Ah! if it were  
“ possible to bestow on me a  
“ brother, could I choose any  
“ other

" other than thee? O Paul! O  
 " Paul! thou art much dearer to  
 " me than a brother! What hath  
 " the resolution of quitting thee  
 " cost me! I wish you could  
 " assist me in separating me from  
 " myself, 'till heaven shall bless  
 " our union. Now I stay, I go,  
 " I live, I die.—Do with me as  
 " you will—a girl without resolu-  
 " tion!—I have been able to resist  
 " your careffes, but I cannot suf-  
 " tain your affliction!"

At these words Paul caught  
 her in his arms, and closely em-  
 bracing her, cried out, in a tre-  
 mendous voice, " I part with her!  
 " nothing shall tear her from me."  
 We all ran towards him. Ma-



dam de la Tour said to him,  
“ My son, if you quit us, what  
“ will become of us?”

He repeated these words trembling, “ My son!—my son!—  
“ You my mother! (said he;)  
“ you, who separate the brother  
“ from the sister! We have both  
“ suckled at your breast; we  
“ have both been dandled on  
“ your knees; we have been  
“ taught by you to love one  
“ another; we have declared ourselves to each other a thousand  
“ times; and now you send her  
“ far from me! You are sending  
“ her into Europe, into that barbarous country which hath refused you an asylum, and to  
“ cruel

“ cruel relations, by whom you  
“ yourself have been abandoned!  
“ You, perhaps, will say to me—  
“ You have no longer any right  
“ over her, she is not your sister.  
“ —She is every thing to me; my  
“ riches, my family, my birth, my  
“ whole fortune. I know no other.  
“ We have been brought up under  
“ one roof, in one cradle; and  
“ we will lie in one tomb. If she  
“ departs, I must go with her.  
“ Will the governor prevent me?  
“ Will he prevent me from  
“ throwing myself into the sea?  
“ I will swim and follow her.  
“ The sea cannot be more dread-  
“ ful to me than land. Not being  
“ able to live with her here, at  
“ least, I will die in her sight, far  
“ from

“ from you. Barbarous mother!  
“ woman without pity! May that  
“ ocean to which you expose her,  
“ never restore her to you again!  
“ May those waves, which bring  
“ back my body, and rolling it  
“ with her’s amongst the flint  
“ stones of these shores, give you,  
“ by the loss of your two chil-  
“ dren, eternal cause to be-  
“ moan!”

At these words I seized him in my arms; for despair had deprived him of reason. His eyes glared; the sweat rolled in large drops down his inflamed countenance; his knees trembled; and I felt his heart palpitate in his breast, with



with quick, but unequal, reverberations.

Mary, terrified, said to him,  
“ Oh, my friend! I call all those  
“ pleasures of our earlier years,  
“ your distresses and mine, to be  
“ witnesses of my perfidy, if I  
“ remain any where without living  
“ for you alone; or if I depart  
“ without returning to be only  
“ your's. I take you for wit-  
“ nesses, you, who have brought  
“ me up from my infancy, you,  
“ who dispose of my life; I swear  
“ by that heaven which hears me,  
“ and by that sea I am to cross,  
“ by that air which I breathe, and  
“ which I have never polluted.  
“ with a lie, that Mary wishes  
“ and

“ and resolves to live for no other  
“ than Paul.”

Like as the sun melts and precipitates from the top of the Apennines a huge rock of ice, so fell the impetuous rage of this young man at the voice of the object beloved. His head, which before was raised towards the skies, gently inclined, and a torrent of tears flowed down his cheeks. His mother, mingling her's with her son's, held him in her arms without being able to speak. Madam de la Tour, quite distressed, cried out, “ I cannot bear it: “ my heart is torn.—This unhappy voyage shall not take  
“ place.—

“ place.—We have none of us  
“ slept for more than a week.”

I said to Paul, “ My friend,  
“ your sister will not go. To-  
“ morrow we will mention it to  
“ the governor. Suffer your  
“ family to rest, and come and  
“ pass this night with me. It is  
“ late; it is midnight.”

He suffered himself to be led  
without speaking a word, and,  
after a very agitated night, arose,  
at break of day, and returned to his  
dwelling.

But wherefore should I con-  
tinue to recite any longer a his-  
tory so afflicting? There is only



one agreeable side to be discovered in human life. Like the globe on which we turn, our rapid revolution is but a day, and only part of that day can receive the light, the other is consigned to darkness.

CHAP.

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## CHAP. XV.

### MARY'S DEPARTURE.

THE old man would here have concluded, had I not intreated him to continue his relation, which he had begun in so affecting a manner. “ Father, “ (said I,) I pray you proceed. “ The images of happiness are “ pleasing, but those of misfortune

“ tune are instructive. What  
“ became of the unfortunate  
“ Paul?”

The first object which Paul saw on his return to his habitation, was Mary, the negro woman, who, having climbed upon a rock, was looking attentively towards the high sea. He cried out, as soon as he perceived her, “ Where is “ Mary?” Mary turned her head towards her young master, and began to weep. Paul, struck with horror, returned on his steps, and ran towards the port. He there learnt that Mary had embarked at break of day, that the ship had set sail immediately, and she was seen no more. He  
returned



returned to the cottage, in which he walked to and fro, without opening his lips.

He again went out, and climbed to the top of a rocky mountain, whose summit reached the clouds. From this elevation he perceived the ship which had carried away Mary. He saw it about four leagues off as a black spot in the midst of the ocean. He remained part of the day wholly taken up in observing it. At length it disappeared. He then sat himself down, wrapt in deep melancholy; and it was there that I found him, his head inclined against the rock, and his eyes fixed on the sea. I had walked after him from day break; and

it was with much difficulty that I could persuade him to descend, and return to his family. I brought him back to the cottage; and his first motion, at the sight of Madam de la Tour, was a complaint that she had deceived him. Madam de la Tour told us, that, about three in the morning, the wind arising, the ship was preparing to sail; the governor, followed by his servants, and the missionary, came to seek Mary, and, notwithstanding her reasoning and intreaty, her tears, as well as those of Margaret, every body crying it was for the advantage of us all, they carried her away half dying. “ At least, (replied Paul,) if I had  
“ been permitted to bid her adieu,  
“ I should

“ I should have been easy for the  
“ present. I would have said to  
“ her, Mary, if, during the time  
“ we have lived together, any  
“ word, which hath escaped me,  
“ has given you offence, say that  
“ you forgive me, before you quit  
“ me for ever. I would have said  
“ to her, since I am never more  
“ destined to see you again, adieu,  
“ my dear Mary! adieu! May  
“ you live far from me, contented  
“ and happy!” And when he saw  
his mother and Madam de la  
Tour weeping, “ Seek now (said  
“ he) some one else to dry up your  
“ tears!” Then he left them with  
a groan, and wandered round the  
dwelling. He visited every place  
which Mary took delight in. He



said to the goats and kids, who followed him bleating, "What do you want? you will never more see her with me, from whose hand you have often fed." He then repaired to the place called the Repose of Mary. At the sight of the birds, which hovered round him, he cried out, "Poor birds! your good nurse is gone for ever." And when he saw Fidelia, the dog, come smelling towards him; "Oh, Fidelia! you will find her no more!" At last he seated himself where he had talked with her the night before, and casting his eyes towards the sea, in which he had seen the ship disappear, he wept bitterly.

However,

However, we followed at a distance, fearing some sad consequence from the agitation of his mind. His mother and Madam de la Tour intreated him, in the tenderest terms, not to increase their grief by his despair. At length she soothed his uneasiness by calling him by the tenderest names, which seemed likely to awaken his future hopes. She called him her son, her dear son, her son-in-law; he to whom she had destined her daughter. She engaged him, once more, to enter the cottage, and take some refreshment. He seated himself at table with us, near the place where the companion of his infancy usually sat; and, as if she still sat there, he spake to her, and

offered her those things on the table which he knew she was fond of; but when he perceived her not, his tears began to flow. On the following days, he collected together every thing she had particularly used; the last nosegay she had worn, the cocoa cup she always drank out of; and, as if these remains of his friend had been the most precious things in the world, he kissed them, and put them in his bosom. The amber spreads not so sweet a perfume as the objects touched by the the object we love. At last, when he saw his uneasiness increased that of his mother and Madam de la Tour, and that the wants of the family required his continual labour, he  
began



began, with the assistance of Domingo, to repair the garden.

Soon after this young man, becoming indifferent for every thing which passed in the world, intreated me to instruct him in reading and writing, that he might hold a correspondence with Mary. He also wished afterwards to be taught geography, that he might form an idea of the country whither she was gone; and likewise history, that he might inform himself of the manners of the people amongst whom she resided.

Thus, he perfected himself in agriculture, and in the art of laying out most agreeably the most

uncultivated spot, by the sentiment of love. Undoubtedly, 'tis to the enjoyment this ardent and restless passion proposes itself, that men owe the major part of the arts and sciences; and from its disappointments philosophy sprang, which teaches us to console ourselves in every trouble.

Thus nature having made love the bond of every being, rendered it the *primum mobile* of our societies, and the instigator of our knowledge and pleasure.

Paul found no amusement in the study of geography, which, instead of pointing out the nature of every country, only presents us with  
political

political divisions. History, and, above all, modern history, attracted his notice still less. In that he only saw general and periodical misfortunes, of which he perceived not the causes; wars without reason or object, obscure intrigues, nations without character, and princes without humanity.

To this kind of reading he preferred that of romances, which containing more of the sentiments and interests of men, sometimes presented him with like situations to his own. Also no book afforded him more pleasure than *Telemachus*, by its descriptions of rural life, and the natural passions of the human heart. He read to his  
mother



mother and Madam de la Tour, the places which most affected him: then, moved by affecting recollection, his voice failed him, and the tears flowed from his eyes.

He thought he discovered Mary in the dignity and wisdom of Antiope, with the misfortunes and tenderness of Eucharis. He was quite confounded by the reading of the fashionable novels, full of licentious maxims and manners: but when he knew they contained a true description of the societies of Europe, he feared, not without apparent reason, that Mary was corrupted, and that she had forgotten him.

C H A P.

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C H A P. XVI.

## NEWS OF MARY.

NEAR two years had elapsed without Madam de la Tour receiving any tidings from her aunt or her daughter; only she had learnt from a stranger, that she arrived safe in France. At last she received, by a ship, which was going to the Indies, a packet, and  
a letter

a letter written in Mary's own hand writing. Notwithstanding the circumspection of her amiable daughter, she imagined she was very unhappy. This letter so well portrayed her situation and character, that I have retained it almost verbatim——

*Mary's Letter.*

*“ Very dear and much loved Mother.*

“ I have already written you  
“ several letters in my own hand;  
“ but as I have received no answer,  
“ I have reason to fear they miscarried.



“ carried. I have better hopes of  
“ this, by the precautions I have  
“ taken to fend you news con-  
“ cerning me, and also to receive  
“ yours.

“ I have shed many tears since  
“ our separation; I, who scarcely  
“ ever wept but at the distresses of  
“ another. My aunt was very  
“ much surprized at my arrival;  
“ when, having questioned me  
“ concerning my talents, I told  
“ her I was incapable both of  
“ reading and writing.

“ She asked me what I had  
“ learnt since I had been in the  
“ world; and when I answered,  
“ the care of the family, and to do  
your

“ your will, she told me I had re-  
“ ceived the education of a ser-  
“ vant. She next day put me to  
“ board in a great nunnery near  
“ Paris, where I have masters of  
“ every kind. They teach me,  
“ amongst other things, history,  
“ geography, grammar, mathe-  
“ matics, and riding: but I have  
“ so little inclination for these  
“ sciences, that I make very little  
“ improvement. I perceive my-  
“ self to be that poor ignorant  
“ creature they look upon me to be.  
“ However, the goodness of my  
“ aunt does not abate. She gives  
“ me new gowns every season;  
“ and she has given me two maids  
“ to wait upon me, who are dressed  
“ like fine ladies. She hath made

I

“ me

“ me take upon me the title of  
“ *Countess*; and hath made me  
“ quit the name of De la Tour,  
“ which is as dear to me as your-  
“ self, notwithstanding the troubles  
“ my father underwent in marry-  
“ ing you. She hath made me  
“ lay aside your marriage name,  
“ and assume that of your family,  
“ which is also dear to me, be-  
“ cause it was your maiden name.  
“ Finding myself in so brilliant a  
“ situation, I have intreated her  
“ to send you some relief. How  
“ shall I tell you her answer! But  
“ you ever desired me to tell you  
“ the truth. She replied, that a  
“ little would be of no service to  
“ you; and a great deal would  
“ embarrass you in the simple  
“ life



“ life you lead. I fought, at first,  
“ to send you tidings by another  
“ hand, as I myself was incapable  
“ of writing; but, upon my arrival,  
“ finding no person in whom  
“ I could place any confidence,  
“ I applied myself night and day  
“ to learn to read and write. God  
“ so blessed me, that I attained it  
“ in a little time. I have trusted  
“ several ladies, who are about  
“ me, with the sending of my  
“ letters; but have reason to believe  
“ they have only been sent  
“ to my aunt. This time I have  
“ had recourse to a boarder, who  
“ is very friendly to me; and 'tis  
“ under her address that you must  
“ write to me. I have added her  
“ name for that purpose. My  
“ aunt

“ aunt hath forbidden all corref-  
“ pondence abroad, which, ac-  
“ cording to her notions, would  
“ be an obftacle to the great views  
“ ſhe has concerning me. There  
“ is no perſon but her can even ſee  
“ me at the grate.

“ I live in the moſt ſplendid  
“ ſtile of fortune, and yet am not  
“ miſtreſs of a penny! It is ſaid,  
“ if I had money, it might be  
“ hurtful to me. My very clothes  
“ belong to my women, who diſ-  
“ pute about them before I have  
“ left them off. In the boſom of  
“ riches I am poorer than when I  
“ was with you; for I have no-  
“ thing to beſtow. When I per-  
“ ceived the great endowments be-  
Vol. II. D “ flowed

“ stowed upon me, afforded not  
“ the least opportunity of doing  
“ good, I had recourse to my  
“ needle, which happily you taught  
“ me to make use of.

“ I have sent several pairs of  
“ my stockings for you and my  
“ mother Margaret, a cap for Do-  
“ mingo, and one of my red hand-  
“ kerchiefs for Mary. I add to  
“ this packet some pippins and  
“ walnuts, fruits from my table,  
“ with various kinds of seeds of  
“ trees, which I have collected  
“ from the park of the nunnery.  
“ I have also added some violet  
“ seed, margaret, scabious, and va-  
“ rious other seeds, which I have  
“ collected in the fields. Here  
“ are



“ are, in the meadows, much finer  
“ flowers than what our island  
“ produces; but nobody regards  
“ them. I am sure you and Mar-  
“ garet will be much better pleased  
“ with this bag of seed, than that  
“ of the piaftres, which was the  
“ cause of our separation, and my  
“ tears.

“ It will be a great pleasure to  
“ me, to hear you have fruit trees  
“ growing under the bananas, and  
“ mingling their leaves with the  
“ cocoa trees. You will then  
“ imagine yourself in Normandy,  
“ your beloved country.

“ You have enjoined me to in-  
“ form you of my pleasures and

“ my sorrows. Pleasure I have  
“ none while absent from you;  
“ and my sorrows I soften in think-  
“ ing I am in that situation which  
“ you placed me by the will of  
“ heaven. But the greatest dis-  
“ tress I feel is, that nobody here  
“ speaks of you, and that I cannot  
“ talk of you to any person. My  
“ women, or rather those of my  
“ aunt, for they are more her’s  
“ than mine, say to me, when I  
“ endeavour to turn the conver-  
“ sation upon objects so dear to  
“ me,—Miss, remember you are a  
“ French lady, and should forget  
“ the country of savages.—Ah!  
“ I could sooner forget myself  
“ than forget the place of my na-  
“ tivity, and the place where you  
“ reside!

“ reside! ’Tis this which is a fa-  
“ vage country to me, for I live  
“ alone in it, having no person to  
“ whom I can impart the love  
“ which I shall bear for you to the  
“ grave.

“ Very dear and  
“ much loved mother,  
“ your obedient and  
“ affectionate daughter,  
“ *Mary de la Tour.*”

“ I recommend to your goodness  
“ Domingo and Mary, who took  
“ so much care of me in my in-  
“ fancy. Stroke Fidelia for me,  
“ who found me in the wood.”

Paul was astonished at Mary’s  
saying nothing of him; she, who



had not forgotten even the dog of the house; but he knew not that, however long a woman's letter is, she always puts her dearest thoughts at the bottom.

In a postscript, Mary had particularly recommended to Paul two kinds of seed, the violets and scabiouses. She gave him some instructions concerning their nature, and the soil best adapted for them. The violet, she informed him, would produce a little flower of a deep blue; that it grew best under the shelter of a hedge; but, though concealed, its charming perfume soon discovered it. She enjoined him to sow it upon the border of the spring, under her cocoa tree.

The

The scabious, she said, would produce a pretty flower, of a faded blue colour, and, and at the bottom, mingled with black and white. One would imagine it was in mourning; and it is for this reason called the widow flower. She begged him to sow it upon the rock where she had discoursed with him the night before her departure, and to call the spot, for her sake, The Farewell Rock. She had enclosed these seeds in a little purse, the texture of which was very simple, but which, to Paul, was invaluable, when he perceived the letters P and M interwoven with the well known hair of Mary.

The letter of this sensible and amiable girl drew tears from the the whole family. Her mother answered her in the name of all, to stay or return as she pleased; assuring her, they had lost their chief happiness since her departure; that, as for herself, she was inconsolable.

Paul wrote her a very long letter; and assured her he would render the garden worthy of her, and mingle the seeds of Europe and Africa in it, as she had interwoven the letters of their names in her work. He sent her, in return, the fruit of her cocoa tree; and intreated her to return as soon as possible, to the ardent wishes of her family,



family, and his in particular, since he could not enjoy any pleasure without her.

Paul sowed, with the greatest care, the European seeds, particularly the violets and scabiouses, the flowers of which seemed to bear some analogy with the character and situation of Mary, who had so particularly recommended them to him: but, whether they had lost their virtue in the passage, or that the climate of Africa was unfavourable to them, a very few came to perfection.

In the meanwhile, envy, which repines at the happiness of men, particularly in the French colonies,

nies, spread reports in the island, which caused much uneasiness to Paul.

The people of the ship, who had brought the letter from Mary, affirmed, that she was upon the point of being married; and they even named the nobleman who was to espouse her. Some went so far as to declare it was already concluded, and that they were witnesses of it. At first, Paul despised the news brought by a trading vessel, who frequently spread false reports at the places they happen to touch at; but, when several inhabitants, by a treacherous deception, seemed sincerely to pity him on this account, he began to give credit to the  
the

the rumour. Besides, as in some of the novels he had read, he observed the treachery and infidelity of a mistress treated with pleasantry; and, as he supposed these books contained a true and faithful picture of the manners of Europe, he began to fear that the daughter of Madam de la Tour had been corrupted by these means, and had forgotten her former engagements. What added to his uneasiness was, that several European ships had arrived at the island in the course of a year, without bringing any tidings of Mary.

This unhappy young man, a prey to that anxiety which corroded



ded his heart, frequently visited me, to confirm or dissipate his uneasiness, by my experience of the world.

CHAP.

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C H A P. XVII.

## THE HERMIT'S DWELLING.

I DWELL, said the old man, as I before observed, about a league and an half hence, upon the borders of a small river, which flows by the side of the long mountain. 'Tis there I live retired, without a wife, without children, and without slaves.

Next

Next to the rare happiness of finding a partner every way suitable to us, the state least chequered with misfortune is a single life. Every man, who has met with disgust in the world, seeks solitude. It is very remarkable, that all unfortunate people have, by their manners, opinions, and government, produced numerous classes of citizens, entirely devoted to solitude or celibacy. Such were the Egyptians in their decline, the Greeks; and such, in our days, the Indians, the Chinese, the modern Greeks, the Italians, and the major part of the oriental and meridional people of Europe. Solitude, in part, leads man back to natural happiness, in withdrawing him from evil society. In the  
midst



midst of our societies, divided by so many prepossessions, the soul is in a continual agitation; it revolves incessantly within itself, a thousand turbulent and contradictory opinions, by which the members of an ambitious and miserable society endeavour to subjugate each other: but in solitude, it divests itself of these strange delusions which trouble it. It derives simple sentiments from itself, from nature, and from nature's God. Thus the muddy waters of a torrent, which ravages the plains, happening to flow into a small basin, remote from their current, become divested of their thickness, resume their former limpidity, and again transparent reflect, with their own

banks, the verdure of the earth, and the brightness of heaven. Solitude establishes the harmonies of the body, as well as those of the soul. It is among solitaries that men are found to exceed the usual career of life. Such are the Bramins of India. In a word, I believe it so necessary to happiness in the world itself, that, to me, it appears impossible to enjoy a durable pleasure, from any sentiment whatever, or to regulate our conduct upon any fixed principle, without forming to ourselves an interior solitude, where our own opinion rarely issues, and where that of another never enters. I do not say that it is always necessary for man to live absolutely alone; he is bound

bound to the whole human race by his wants; his labours are due to men; and he is the property of nature in general. But as the Supreme hath given each of us perfect organs, suited to the elements of the globe on which we live, our feet suited to the ground, our lungs for the air, our eyes for the light, so he hath reserved for himself, who is the author of life, the heart, our principal organ.

I pass my days remote from men, from men whom I have endeavoured to serve, and who have persecuted me. After having ranged through a great part of Europe, and some of the provinces of America and Africa, I have fixed

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E

my



my abode in this island, allured by the mildness of its climate, and the solitude it affords. A cottage, which I built in the forest, at the foot of a tree, a small field, cultivated with my own hands, and a river, which flows before my door, are sufficient for all my wants, and even my pleasures. I add to these enjoyments that of some good books, which instruct me in the ways of goodness. These make even the world, which I have quitted, subservient to my happiness, by presenting me with pictures of those passions which render its inhabitants so miserable; and by the comparison I draw between their lot and mine, I enjoy a kind of negative happiness. Like a  
man

man saved from shipwreck upon a rock, I contemplate, from my solitude, the storms which rage in the rest of the world, and my tranquillity redoubles by the distant sound of the tempest. Since men are no longer in my way, nor I no longer in their's, my hatred against them subsides, and pity for their failings kindles in my heart. If chance should throw an unfortunate in my way, I endeavour to relieve him by my counsels; like a passenger who, walking on the brink of a torrent, stretches out his hand to a wretch that is drowning. But as yet I have only found innocence attentive to my voice. Nature calls in vain to the rest of mankind; each

hath formed an image of her which he clothes with his passions. He pursues through the whole of his life, a vain phantom, which leads him astray, and afterwards murmurs against heaven, for the error of his own forming.

Amongst a great number of unfortunate beings, whom I have sometimes endeavoured to bring back to nature, I have not found one who was intoxicated with his own miseries. They, at first, hear me with attention, in hopes that I shall assist them in acquiring glory or fortune; but when they find that my aim is to teach them to do without them, they look upon me as miserable in not running after



after their false happiness; they blame my solitary life; pretend that they alone are useful to men, and endeavour to draw me into their error; but as yet I have been proof against their sollicitations. I calmly glide down the river of time, towards the ocean of futurity, submissively looking up to the Author of my being, and hoping to experience a better lot in a better world.

Thus (said the old man) I lived retired and alone, seldom interrupted by visitors, except Paul, his mother, and Madam de la Tour, who came to soothe their griefs, by discoursing with me concerning my experience of the world.

E 3

I comforted

I comforted them with the return of their daughter, accomplished in all the acquirements which are so much esteemed in Europe: but, alas! what I foretold, though with a foreboding heart, and what they so ardently wished for, never was realized. Here the venerable sage seemed overcome with the emotions of his heart; he endeavoured to suppress the big tear, already starting in his eye; but the remembrance of past woes accumulating in his soul, forced it, though unwilling, down his furrowed cheek. Excuse (said he) the weakness of an old man, who, while he bemoans his own lost enjoyments, keenly feels for the sorrows of another. He then remained

mained with his eye fixed on heaven awhile, and, as soon as grief would permit, thus continued his tale.



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C H A P. XVIII.

MARY'S RETURN.

ONE morning, at break of day, (it was the 24th of December, 1752,) Paul arising, perceived a flag flying on the mountain de la decouverte. This was a signal that a ship was seen at a distance at sea. Paul immediately ran to the port, to learn if it brought  
any

any tidings of Mary. He remained there till the return of the pilot, who had embarked to reconnoitre it according to custom. He returned in the evening, and brought word to the governor, that the ship was called the Saint Gerand, commanded by a Captain Aubin; that it was four leagues distant; that it would reach the port the next day in the afternoon, if the wind proved favourable. Alas! the event has too cruelly proved the contrary! The pilot carried to the governor the letters the ship brought from France. There was one for Madam de la Tour, in Mary's own hand writing. Paul immediately seized it, kissed it with transport, and putting it in his bosom, ran to the

the cottage. He perceived the whole family at a distance, impatiently waiting his return, on the Farewell Rock. He held the letter in the air, without being able to speak. Immediately they all crowded round Madam de la Tour to hear it read. Mary informed her mother, that she had experienced much ill treatment from her aunt, who wanted to marry her against her inclination; afterwards had disinherited her; and sent her away at a time when it was impossible to arrive at the Isle of France but in the stormy season: that she had in vain endeavoured to soften her, by representing what she owed to her mother, and the tenderness of her age;



age; but she called her an insensible girl, whose head had been turned by romances. Mary added, that now she was only sensible of the happiness of again beholding her dear family; that she would have satisfied this ardent desire that very day, if the captain would have permitted her to embark in the pilot's sloop, but he opposed her departure, on account of the distance from land, and a great rise of the sea, notwithstanding the calmness of the winds.

Scarcely was this letter read, than the whole family, transported with joy, exclaimed, " Mary is arrived!" Then they embraced each other. Madam de la Tour  
said

said to Paul, " My son, go and  
" inform our neighbour of the  
" arrival of Mary." Immediately  
Domingo lighted a flambeau,  
and Paul and he walked to my  
dwelling.

It might be about ten at night.  
I had just extinguished my lamp,  
and retired to rest, when I perceived  
through the chinks of my cottage,  
a light in the wood. Soon after  
I heard the voice of Paul, calling  
me. I arose, and, hardly was I  
dressed, when, quite transported,  
he sprang on my neck, saying,  
" Come, come: Mary is  
" arrived. Come to the port; the  
" ship will come to an anchor in  
" the morning."

We

We immediately set out. As we were crossing the wood of the long mountain, and were already in the path which leads from the Pamplermoufes to the port, we heard some one walking behind us. 'Twas a black, who was posting on in a great hurry. As soon as he came up to us, I asked him whence he came, and whither he was going? " I come from that  
" part of the island called the gold  
" coast, and am sent to the port,  
" to inform the governor, that a  
" ship from France, is at anchor  
" under the Amber Isle, that it  
" continues firing guns for relief, as  
" the sea is very rough." The man having thus spoken, continued his course without further delay.

I then



I then said to Paul, " Let us go  
" towards the gold coast, to meet  
" Mary; it is only three leagues  
" hence." We then bent our  
course towards the north part of  
the isle. It was sultry hot. The  
moon had risen, and three large  
black circles surrounded her: a  
dreadful gloom enveloped the hea-  
vens; and frequent flashes of light-  
ning were seen to issue, in long  
electric streams, from the thick  
gloomy clouds, which collected  
over the middle of the island, and  
came from the sea with incredible  
swiftness, although the least breath  
of air was not perceived on the  
land. As we advanced, we thought  
we heard the thunder rolling at a  
distance; but, upon listening more  
2 attentively,

attentively, we perceived it to be the report of some guns, re-echoing through the air. The distant report of guns, joined to the aspect of a stormy sky, made me utter a groan. I had not the least doubt, but that it was the signal of a ship in distress. In about half an hour we heard no more; and this silence appeared more dreadful than the mournful noise which preceded it.

We hastened forward, without speaking a word, or daring to communicate our uneasiness to each other. About midnight we arrived, quite in a perspiration, at the sea shore, near the spot called the gold coast. The waves broke  
against

against the shore with a dreadful noise. They covered the rocks and beach with whitened foam, mingled with sparks of fire. Notwithstanding the darkness, we discerned, by these phosphoric lights, the canoes of the fishermen drawn upon the shore.

At some distance we saw, at the entrance of the wood, a fire, round which several inhabitants were assembled. We rested there, waiting for the morning. Whilst we were sitting by this fire, one of the inhabitants related, that, in the afternoon, he had seen a ship at sea, bearing towards the island by a strong current; that night coming on, prevented him seeing  
it



it farther; that, about two hours after sunset, he had heard her firing guns, as if in distress; but, as a high sea was going, no boats could put out to their relief: soon after he perceived her lighted lamps, which made him fear that, being come so near the shore, she had passed, by mistake, between the main land and the Isle of Amber, taking that for the Coin de Mire, near which the ships pass which arrive at Port Louis; that if it was so, (which he could not affirm,) the ship was in the greatest danger. Another inhabitant said, that he had several times crossed the channel which separates the Island of Amber from the main land; that he had frequently found-

ed, and always found the anchorage very good; that the ship was as safe as in the best harbour in the world. I would stake my all in her, added he, and I should sleep as calmly in her as on land. Another inhabitant said, it was impossible that so large a ship could enter this channel, where the smallest sloops navigated themselves with difficulty. He affirmed, he saw her anchor on the other side of the Isle of Amber; so that if the wind should arise in the morning, she could gain the port with safety. Several others gave their opinions, which, while they discovered their ignorance in maritime affairs, Paul and I kept silence. We remained there till the dawn  
of

of day; but so gloomy was the air, that no object could be discovered on the sea.

About seven in the morning, we heard the sound of drums in the wood. 'Twas the governor, M. de la Bourdonaye, who arrived with a detachment of armed soldiers, accompanied by a great number of the inhabitants and blacks. He drew up his men upon the shore, and ordered them all to fire at once. Scarcely was the discharge made, than we perceived a flash, immediately followed by the report of a large gun. We judged the ship to be at a small distance from us; and we ran to that part where we had



seen the signal. We perceived, through the mist, the body of a large ship, and could just distinguish her yards. We were so near, that we could hear the master's whistle, notwithstanding the noise of the waves; also the voices of the sailors, who cried out three times, *Vive le Roi*: for that is the cry of the French in the greatest danger, as well as in their greatest rejoicing; as if in danger they called upon their king for assistance, or that they wished to shew their zeal even in perishing for him.

From the time in which the St. Gerand perceived we were within hearing, she ceased not firing guns  
every

every three minutes. M. de la Bourdonaye caused great fires to be lighted at several distances upon the shore, and sent to all the neighbouring inhabitants to procure provisions, planks, cables, and empty vessels. Soon a great crowd was seen, coming from all parts, with provisions of every kind.

One of the most ancient of the inhabitants approaching the governor, said to him, " Sir, the whole  
 " of the night dead hollow sounds  
 " have been heard in the moun-  
 " tains. In the woods the leaves  
 " of the trees shook without a  
 " breath of air; the sea fowl fled  
 " for refuge to the shore. Cer-  
 " tainly all these signs foretell  
 " an approaching hurricane."

F 3

" Well,

“ Well, my friends, (replied the  
“ governor,) we are prepared for  
“ it, and undoubtedly the ship is  
“ also.”

C H A P.



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C H A P. XIX.

## THE STORM.

**I**N effect, every thing presaged  
an approaching storm. The  
clouds, which appeared in the ze-  
nith, were, in the centre, of a  
frightful black, and their edges  
tinged with a brazen hue. The  
air resounded with the cries of  
marine birds, which, notwith-  
F 4 standing

standing the obscurity of the atmosphere, came from every point of the horizon, to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards the ninth hour of the morning, dreadful sounds were heard from the sea shore, as if torrents of water, mingled with thunder, had rolled from the mountain's top. Every person alarmed, cried out,—There is a storm!—and in that very instant a frightful whirlwind dissipated the fog which overspread the Isle of Amber and its channel,

The St. Gerand was plainly seen; her decks covered with men, her yards and top-gallants laid on  
the

the deck, four cables on her prow, and one on her stern. She was anchored between the Isle of Amber and the main land. She had been carried, by a sudden swell, where no ship had passed before. Her head was turned towards the waves, which came from the high sea; every surge, which entered the channel, entirely raised her prow above the water, so that her keel was plainly seen; but, by this motion, her stern, just plunged, disappeared. In this position, in which the sea had thrown her, it was impossible to afford her any assistance.

Every wave, which rolled towards the shore roaring, advanced  
even



even to the remotest creeks, and swept the gravel more than fifty yards into the land; then retiring, discovered a major part of the river's bed, whose flinty pebbles it rolled along with a hoarse and frightful sound. The sea, swollen by the winds, continually increased; and the whole channel, between this Isle and the Isle of Amber, was one vast sheet of whitened foam, hollowed here and there with huge muddy waves. The foam within the bays was more than six feet deep; and the wind, which swept along its surface, carried it above the declivity of the shore into the land at least half a league. By its white and innumerable flakes, which were  
driven

driven horizontally to the mountain's foot, it might be said, that snow had issued from the sea. The horizon discovered all the signs of a long continued storm; the sea appeared confounded with the sky. Clouds, of dreadful form, were incessantly driven forth, which traversed the zenith with incredible swiftnefs, whilst others appeared immoveable, like mighty rocks. Not the least spot of the azure firmament could be perceived; an olive dingy glimmer scarcely enlightened the objects of heaven, earth, and sea.

By the heaving of the ship, what was dreaded came to pass. The cables at her prow were broken;

ken; and, as she was now only held by a single anchor, she was dashed against the rocks at about half a cable's length from shore.

A general cry of distress was now heard among us. Paul was about to cast himself into the sea, when I seized him by the arm. "My son, (said I,) would you perish?" "Let me go to her relief (said he,) or let me die!" As despair had deprived him of reason, to prevent his being lost, Domingo and I fastened a cord round his waist, and each of us held an end. Paul then advanced towards the ship, sometimes walking, sometimes swimming, and entertaining hopes of boarding her:  
for



for the sea, by its irregular motions, left the ship almost dry, so that one might have walked round her; then quickly after returning, with redoubled fury, overwhelmed her with mighty waves, which carried away her head, and cast the unhappy Paul, with his legs bleeding, and his breast bruised, far upon the shore. Scarcely had this miserable young man recovered his senses, when he arose, and returned, with renewed ardour, towards the ship, which the sea made gape with horrid chinks. The whole crew then despairing of their safety, threw themselves instantly into the sea by crowds, swimming upon tables, casks, yards, hencoops, and planks.

Then

Then appeared an object deserving of eternal pity; a young woman, on the quarter deck, stretching out her hands towards him, who strove, with extraordinary efforts, to join her.—'Twas Mary!—She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable person, exposed to so dreadful a danger, filled us with despair and grief. But Mary nobly, with a calm and serene countenance, waved her hand, as if to bid us an eternal adieu. All the sailors had cast themselves into the sea except one, who remained upon the deck: he was quite naked, and of amazing strength. He approached Mary with the greatest respect. We saw him cast himself at her feet, and  
I earnestly

earnestly endeavour to strip her of her clothes; but she, with dignity, pushed him from her, turning her head aside. Immediately repeated cries from the spectators were heard, "Save her, save her: do not quit her." But at that instant the sea, like a huge roaring mountain, advanced towards the ship, which it menaced with its black sides, and foaming top. At this dreadful sight the sailor sprang alone into the sea; and Mary, perceiving inevitable death, placed one hand on her clothes, and the other on her heart; then raising up her eyes serene, appeared like an angel about to take her flight to heaven!

O dismal



O dismal day!—Alas! all was swallowed up. The surge, advancing, swept a great number of the spectators, who were assembled out of humanity to assist, far into the land; also the sailor who remained the last on board. This poor man, escaped from an almost inevitable death, kneeling upon the sand, exclaimed, “O God! thou hast saved  
“ my life; but I would freely have  
“ given it for that young lady,  
“ who would not undress her-  
“ self.”

Domingo and I drew, quite senseless, from the waves, the wretched Paul, the blood gushing from his mouth and ears. The governor ordered him under the  
care

care of the surgeons; and we sought along the shore to find the body of Mary: but the wind having suddenly changed, as it frequently does in hurricanes, we had the mortification to think she would be deprived of funeral rights. We retired from this place, filled with consternation. Every mind was affected by a single loss, in a shipwreck where so great a number had perished; the major part of us doubting, by the mournful end of so virtuous a girl, whether any Providence existed; for there are such terrible evils, and so little merited, that the hope even of the wise is often shaken.

In the meanwhile Paul, whose senses were returning, was placed in a house near at hand, till he was capable of being carried home. As for Domingo and I, we returned to prepare the mother of Mary, and her friend, for this melancholy event. When we were entering the valley of the river Lataniers, some blacks told us, that the sea threw a great part of the wreck into the opposite bay. We went down thither; and one of the first objects we perceived upon the shore, was the body of Mary. She was half covered with sand, in the attitude in which we saw her perish. Her features were not sensibly altered: her eyes were closed, but serenity still was on her brow;  
only



only the pale violets of death were mingled, on her cheeks, with the roses of modesty.

One of her hands was upon her clothes; the other, which was placed upon her heart, was firmly clinched, and stiff. With much difficulty I disengaged from it a little case: but what was my surprise, when I beheld the miniature of Paul, which she had promised never to part with whilst she lived!

At this last mark of constancy and love in this unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his mournful cries. We carried the body into a fisher-

man's hut, and committed it to the care of some Malabar women to wash.

Whilst they were employed in this sad office, we, with trembling steps, went up to the cottage. We found Madam de la Tour and Margaret at prayers, waiting for news from the ship. As soon as Madam de la Tour perceived me, she exclaimed, "Where is my daughter? my dear daughter? my child?" My silence and my tears left her no room to doubt of the disaster. She was seized with strong convulsions; her voice only uttered sighs and sobs. As for Margaret, she cried out, "Where is my son? I do not see

“see my son!” and she fainted. We ran to her assistance, and having recovered her, I assured her that Paul was living, and that the governor had ordered him to be taken care of. Madam de la Tour fell into long swoonings, from time to time, and passed the whole night in the utmost anguish; which plainly convinced me, that no affliction could be equal to maternal distress. When she recovered her senses, she turned her fixed and mournful looks towards heaven. In vain did her friend and I press her hands in ours, in vain did we call her by the tenderest names; she appeared insensible to these proofs of our former affection, and



nought but hollow groans issued from her disconsolate breast.

In the morning, Paul was brought in a palanquin. He had recovered the use of his reason, but could not utter a word.

The interview with his mother and Madam de la Tour, which I had so much dreaded, produced a better effect than all the pains I had hitherto taken. A ray of consolation appeared upon the countenances of the two unfortunate mothers. They both drew near him, seized him in their arms, kissed him, and their tears, which had hitherto been suspended, abundantly flowed. Paul mingled his with theirs.

Nature,

Nature, thus being relieved in these three unfortunates, a long stupor succeeded the convulsive state of their grief, and procured them a lethargic repose, truly resembling that of death.

M. de la Bourdonaye sent secretly to inform me, that the body of Mary had been removed to the town by his order, and that thence it would be carried to the church of the Pamplermoufes.

## C H A P. XX.

## THE FUNERAL.

I IMMEDIATELY went down to Port Louis, where I found the inhabitants, from every quarter, assembled to assist at the funeral ceremonies, as if the whole island in her, had lost all it held dear. In the harbour the ships had their yards crossed, their flags lowered, and



and minute guns continued firing. The whole military parade, which accompany such ceremonies, attended. The grenadiers began the procession with their muskets pointing downwards. The drums, covered with black crape, struck the ears of the spectators with their mournful sounds; and even soldiers, who had many times faced death without fear, now had sorrow painted in their countenances. Eight young women, the most considerable in the island, clothed in white, and holding palms in their hands, carried the corpse of their virtuous companion, covered with flowers. A choir of little children followed singing hymns: then followed the most distinguished of  
the

the island; and the governor closed the procession, followed by crowds of every class.

Such were the steps taken to honour the virtue of Mary. When the corpse reached the foot of this mountain, at the sight of these very cottages, which she long had made so happy, and which her death now filled with despair, the whole funeral pomp was deranged; the hymns and chanting ceased; and nought was heard in the plain, but sighs and groans. Troops of young maidens were seen running from the neighbouring cottages, to touch the coffin of Mary, with handkerchiefs, chaplets, and crowns of flowers, invoking her as a saint. Mothers intreated heaven for a daughter

daughter like her, the youths for lovers so constant, the poor for so tender a friend, and for so good a mistress the slaves.

When the corpse reached the place of interment, the black women of Madagascar, and the Caffres of Mosambique, deposited round it panniers of fruits, and suspended pieces of cloth, according to the custom of the country, on the neighbouring trees. The Indians of Bengal, and of the coast of Malabar, brought cages full of birds to set at liberty over her grave: so much does the loss of an amiable object interest persons of every nation; and so great is the power of unfortunate virtue,  
that



that it reunited all religions round her tomb! They were obliged to place guards round the grave, to keep off the daughters of the poor inhabitants, who would have thrown themselves in, saying, That now no consolation remained for them in this world, and they desired nought but to die with her, who was their only benefactors.

She was interred near the church of the Pamplermoufes, upon the western fide, close by a tuft of bamboos, where, when she went to church with her mothers, she used to rest, seated by him she called her brother.

After

After the funeral, M. de la Bourdonaye, attended by a great retinue, came hither. He offered Madam de la Tour, and her friend, all the assistance in his power. He expressed himself in few words, but with much indignation, against her unnatural aunt; and approaching Paul, he said all he could to comfort him. "God is my witness  
" (said he) that I wished for nothing but your happiness, and  
" that of your family. My friend,  
" I think it proper for you to go  
" into France. I will procure  
" you employment. In your absence I will take the same care  
" of your mother as of my own."  
At the same time he offered him his hand; but Paul drew back his,  
2 and

and turned away his head, not to see him.

As for me, I remained in the habitation of my unfortunate friends, to give them all the consolation in my power. At the end of three weeks, Paul was able to walk; but his melancholy appeared to increase in proportion as his body recovered its strength. He was insensible to every thing; his eyes were bedimed, and he gave no answers to the questions proposed. Madam de la Tour, who was dying, often said to him, "Whilst I behold you, I think I see Mary." At the name of Mary, he started, and retired from her, notwithstanding the intreaties of  
of



of his mother, who called him back to her friend. He withdrew into the garden, and seated himself at the foot of the cocoa tree of Mary, his eyes fixed upon the fountain.

The surgeon which the governor had procured, and who hath taken the greatest care of this unfortunate family, told us, that, to draw him from his gloomy melancholy, we should suffer him to do what he pleased, without contradiction; and this was the only means to conquer his obstinate silence.

I resolved to follow his advice. As soon as Paul perceived his strength returned, the first use he made

made of it, was to wander far from his habitation.

As I never lost sight of him, I determined to follow him; and I ordered Domingo to take provision, and accompany us. In proportion as this young man descended this mountain, his joy and strength seemed to renew. He first took the road to the Pamplermouses. In the bamboo walk he observed the ground had been lately removed. There he knelt down, and raising his eyes towards heaven, made a long prayer.

This action to me appeared to augur well for the return of his reason;

reason; since this mark of confidence in the Supreme Being, indicated that his soul was beginning to recover her natural functions. Domingo and I, according to his example, also kneeled down, and prayed with him.

Then he arose, and, without paying any attention to us, walked towards the north part of the island. As I knew he was ignorant, not only of the place of Mary's interment, but also of her being taken out of the sea, I asked him why he had been invoking heaven at the feet of these bamboos? He replied, "Because  
" we have been here so often!"



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C H A P. XXI.

## PAUL'S DESPAIR.

**H**E continued his walk to the entrance of the forest, when night overtook him. There I engaged him, by my example, to take some nourishment. Afterwards we slept upon the grass at the foot of a tree. The next day I expected he would return. He viewed

viewed, for some time, the church of the Pamplermoufes, in the plain, with its avenues of bamboo, as if he would return thither; but he suddenly darted into the forest, directing his course towards the north. I gueſſed his intention, and endeavoured, in vain, to prevent him. We reached, about the middle of the day, the part called, by the inhabitants, the gold coaſt. He precipitately deſcended to the ſea ſhore, exactly oppoſite the place where the St. Gerand was loſt. At the ſight of the Iſle of Amber, and its channel, then as clear as a mirror, he exclaimed, “ Mary, O my dear Mary!” and immediately he fainted. Domingo and I carried him into the in-

terior part of the forest, and, with much difficulty, recovered him.

When his senses returned, he wished again to visit the fatal shore: but having intreated him not to renew his affliction and ours, by so cruel a recollection, he took another course. In fine, during eight days he visited all the places he had frequented in his infancy: he traversed the parts through which Mary had passed to the Black River, to procure the poor slave's forgiveness: every place renewed his distress: the river of the long mountain, my little cottage, the neighbouring cascade, and the singing of the birds in spots in which



which Mary took delight, made his tears flow: even the echos, which so frequently returned the sounds of joy, now repeated nought but these melancholy words, Mary! O my dear Mary!

Thus he led a rambling and melancholy way of living. His eyes became hollow, his complexion yellow, and his health daily declined. Persuaded that the sense of our evils redouble by the remembrance of our former pleasures, and that the passions increase in solitude, I resolved to draw the unfortunate youth from places which renewed the recollection of his loss, and to lead him to a part of the island where plea-

sure and amusement were more prevalent. I therefore conducted him to a part surrounded by mountains, where he could not behold the church of the Pamplemoufes, nor any of the former objects of his recollection. I led him all weathers, night and day, through vineyards, fields of corn, and every place where nature smiled, to divert his mind, by fatiguing his body; and to give a change to his reflections, by his ignorance of the place in which we were, and of the path we had lost. But every expedient proving abortive, I resolved to attack his passion itself. I said to him, “ Yonder are the mountains where  
“ Mary dwelt; and here is the  
“ portrait

“ portrait that you gave her, and  
“ which, when dying, she held to  
“ her heart: that heart, which,  
“ while alive, beat alone for you.”

I then gave him the miniature which he had given Mary. At sight of this, a mournful pleasure appeared in his countenance: he eagerly seized it with his feeble hands, and raised it to his mouth: his breast was convulsed, and the starting tear stood in his eyes, without being able to flow.

I said to him, “ My son, hear  
“ me, who am your friend, who  
“ was also Mary’s, and who, in  
“ the midst of your hopes, often  
“ endeavoured to fortify your  
“ reason against the unforeseen ac-



“ cidents of life. What do you  
“ deplore so bitterly? Is it your  
“ misfortune? Is it that of Mary?  
“ Your misfortune is undoubtedly  
“ very great. You have lost the  
“ most amiable girl, who would  
“ have made the worthiest of  
“ women. She had sacrificed her  
“ own interests to yours, and  
“ preferred you to fortune, as the  
“ only recompence worthy her vir-  
“ tue. But how do you know, if  
“ the object, from whom you ex-  
“ pected so pure a pleasure, might  
“ not have been a source of in-  
“ finite affliction to you? She was  
“ without fortune, and disinheri-  
“ ted: you had not wherewith to  
“ divide with her, but your labour.  
“ She, rendered more delicate by  
“ her

“ her education, and more coura-  
“ geous by danger, had she ef-  
“ caped, would, perhaps, every  
“ day, have gradually sunk be-  
“ neath the fatigue which she  
“ might endeavour to share with  
“ you. Had heaven bestowed on  
“ you children, your difficulty  
“ would have been increased, to  
“ support your aged parents, and  
“ a rising family.

“ You will tell me, the gover-  
“ nor would have assisted you.  
“ How do you know whether, in a  
“ colony, the governor of which  
“ is so often changed, you will  
“ often have a Bourdonaye? Whe-  
“ ther we might not have gover-  
“ nors without manners, and with-  
out

“ out morals? Whether, in order  
“ to obtain a miserable support,  
“ your wife might not have been  
“ obliged to pay her court to  
“ them? in which her weakness  
“ might have been overcome, and  
“ you have had cause to bemoan.  
“ Perhaps she might have yielded,  
“ to prevent you being persecuted  
“ by those very persons, from  
“ whom you hoped for support and  
“ protection!

“ I should have enjoyed (you  
“ will say) a happiness independent  
“ of fortune, in protecting  
“ the object beloved; resting easy,  
“ that our distresses flowed from  
“ our mutual inviolable love.

“ Undoubtedly



“ Undoubtedly virtue and love  
“ often enjoy those bitter plea-  
“ sures. But she is no more; and  
“ she hath left behind her those,  
“ whom, next to you, she loved  
“ beyond any other object; her  
“ mother and yours, whom your  
“ inconsolable grief will hurry to  
“ the grave.

“ Place your happiness in assist-  
“ ing them, as she did. My son,  
“ the path of duty is the happi-  
“ ness of virtue; there is nothing  
“ safer or more noble on earth.  
“ Pleasures, repose, delight, abun-  
“ dance, and glory, are not made  
“ for frail man, a traveller through  
“ life.

“ Observe

“ Observe how one step to-  
“ wards fortune hath precipitated  
“ us all from one abyfs to another.  
“ You opposed it, it is true: but  
“ who could have thought that the  
“ voyage of Mary would have ter-  
“ minated any otherwise than for  
“ your happiness and hers? The  
“ invitations of a rich and aged  
“ relation, the counsels of a wise  
“ governor, the applause of a co-  
“ lony, the exhortations and au-  
“ thority of a priest, have decided  
“ the lot of Mary. Thus we run  
“ headlong to destruction, deceived  
“ by the prudence even of those  
“ who have the rule over us. It  
“ had been better, without doubt,  
“ not to have given credit to  
“ them, nor have trusted to the  
“ voice

“ voice and false hopes of a de-  
 “ ceiving world. But had your  
 “ most sanguine wishes been grati-  
 “ fied, still your happiness must  
 “ have had an end. Of the number  
 “ who enjoy all that life can afford,  
 “ is there one who is not destined  
 “ one day to lose all he holds  
 “ dear?—Grandeur, fortune, wife,  
 “ children, friends!

“ The major part will have to  
 “ join to their loss, the remem-  
 “ brance of their own impru-  
 “ dence. But you, in entering  
 “ into yourself, can find nothing  
 “ worthy of blame. You have  
 “ been faithful to love: you have  
 “ had, in the flower of youth, the  
 “ prudence of a sage, in not step-  
 “ ping



“ ping aside from the sentiments  
“ of nature. Your views alone  
“ were lawful, because they were  
“ simple and pure; and you had  
“ that right over Mary, which no  
“ fortune could out-balance. You  
“ lost her; but neither by your  
“ imprudence, nor avarice. Hea-  
“ ven, who hath employed the  
“ passions of another, to deprive  
“ you of the object you loved;  
“ that heaven, to whom you are in-  
“ debted for every thing, who sees  
“ what is suitable for you, hath  
“ taken her away.

“ You are enabled to say in  
“ your distress, I have not merited  
“ it. Is it then the misfortune of  
“ Mary, her end, or her present  
“ state,

“ state, you deplore? She hath  
“ undergone what was decreed  
“ from the beginning of time, to  
“ beauty, and even empires them-  
“ selves. The life of man, with  
“ all its projects, rises as a little  
“ tower, of which death is the bat-  
“ tlement.

“ Death, my son, is a blessing  
“ to every man. It is the calm  
“ night of a restless day, called  
“ life. 'Tis in the sleep of death  
“ we rest from every evil. Take  
“ a view of the happiest men  
“ upon earth, at least those who  
“ appear so, you will see how  
“ dearly they have purchased their  
“ pretended happiness; public  
“ consideration, by domestic mis-  
I “ fortunes;

“ fortunes; fortune, by the loss  
“ of health; pleasure, by continual sacrifices; and often, at the  
“ end of a life sacrificed to the interests of another, they only behold around them false friends,  
“ and ungrateful relations.

“ But Mary was happy in the  
“ contrary of all these; and hath  
“ left a monument on earth, which  
“ will remain, when even those of  
“ kings will be buried in eternal  
“ forgetfulness. The monument  
“ of a virtuous life, and of suffering virtue, my son, will stand for  
“ ever!

“ She still exists: for undoubtedly there is a place where suffering  
“ ing



“ ing virtue meets its reward.  
“ She is happy! Could she com-  
“ municate to you, from the abode  
“ of the blessed, the joy she ex-  
“ periences, she would also say,  
“ And would you, O Paul, recall  
“ me, who am now so pure, and as  
“ unalterable as a particle of light,  
“ to the dull gloom of life! With  
“ thee, in our happy island, I en-  
“ joyed the highest pleasure on  
“ earth; but now, what tongue can  
“ describe the bliss of these heaven-  
“ ly shores!

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C H A P. XXII.

WRETCHED END OF  
MADAM DE LA TOUR'S AUNT;  
AND CONCLUSION.

**M**Y own emotion put an end to my discourse; and Paul, earnestly fixing his eyes upon me, cried out, "She is no more! She is no more!" And a long languor succeeded these melancholy words.

words. Then recovering from his reverie, he said, "Since death is  
" a blessing, and Mary is happy,  
" I wish also to die, that I may re-  
" join her."

Thus my motives of consolation only served to increase his despair. I was as a man striving to save his friend from drowning, who was resolved not to be saved. Grief had overwhelmed him.

I brought him back to his dwelling. I found his mother and Madam de la Tour in a state of despondency. Margaret said to me,  
" O my friend! I thought I last  
" night saw Mary, clothed in  
" white, in the midst of delightful  
I 2 " gardens



“ gardens and groves. She said  
“ to me, I enjoy unutterable hap-  
“ piness. Then she approached  
“ Paul with a smiling air, and  
“ took him up with her. As I  
“ endeavoured to retain my son,  
“ I perceived myself also quit-  
“ ting the earth, and I followed  
“ him with inexpressible pleasure.  
“ Then I was desirous to bid  
“ adieu to my friend, but I saw  
“ her following us with Domingo  
“ and Mary.” But what I think  
still more extraordinary is, Ma-  
dam de la Tour, the same night,  
had a dream, accompanied with  
the like circumstances.

I answered her, “ My friend,  
“ I believe nothing happens with-  
I “ out

“ out the permission of heaven.  
“ Dreams sometimes are rea-  
“ lized.”

Madam de la Tour recited me a dream exactly correspondent, which she had the same night. I had never perceived any inclination to superstition in these two persons; I was therefore very much struck with the similitude of their dreams, and had not a doubt but they would be fulfilled.

This opinion that truth is presented in a dream, is prevalent amongst people of every nation. The greatest men of antiquity have given credit to them: among others, Alexander, Cæsar, the Scipios,

pious, the two Catos, and Brutus, who were not subject to weakness. The Old and New Testaments furnish us with plenty of examples of dreams being realized. For my part, I believe that dreams often warn us, and give us information of things which concern us.

But, however that may be, those of my friends were soon realized. Paul died two months after the death of Mary, whose name he incessantly pronounced. Margaret perceived her end approach eight days after that of her son, with a joy which virtue alone is permitted to experience.



She took the tenderest farewell of Madam de la Tour, “ In the  
 “ hopes (said he) of a happy and  
 “ eternal union. Death (said she)  
 “ is the greatest of blessings, much  
 “ to be desired. If life is a pu-  
 “ nishment, we ought to wish for  
 “ its end; if a probation, we ought  
 “ to pray that it may be shorten-  
 “ ed.”

The governor took care of Domingo and Mary, who were become incapable of labour, and who did not long survive their much loved mistress. As for poor Fidelia, he died with age, much about the same time as his master.

I took Madam de la Tour home to my cottage, who supported herself under such heavy losses, with an incredible greatness of soul. She had comforted Margaret and Paul to their last moments, as if she had only had their misfortunes to support. When she saw them no more, she spoke of them as dear friends in the neighbourhood.

However, she only survived them a month. And as to her aunt, far from reproaching her as the cause of her sorrow, she intreated heaven to forgive her, and still the horrors of her troubled breast; which, we were informed, had seized her immediately after  
 she

she had sent Mary with so much inhumanity.

This unnatural woman was continually distressed in such a manner, as to render life and death equally insupportable. Sometimes she reproached herself with the premature death of Mary and her mother. Sometimes she gloried in having sent far from her, two wretches, who were a disgrace to the family, by the lowness of their inclinations. Sometimes, carried away into atheism, she would declare, that the ideas of humanity, virtue, and religion, adopted by all nations, were only the political inventions of princes. Then falling into the opposite extreme, she became



became a prey to the terrors of superstition. She gave abundant alms to some rich monks, intreating them to appease the divinity, by the sacrifice of her fortune; as if those things she had refused to bestow on the poor, could be well pleasing to the father of men!

Thus, for several years, was she a prey to infidelity and superstition; equally fearing to live, as she was for to die. But what put a period to her miserable existence was, the same cause to which she had sacrificed the sentiments of nature. She had the mortification to see her fortune pass from her to relations she hated. She therefore strove

strove to divest them of the better part; but they, profiting by the distresses of her mind, shut her up as a mad woman, and placed her fortune under the care of proper guardians. Thus riches, which had hardened her heart, finally proved her destruction. They rendered the hearts even of those who desired them unnatural.

She soon after died, and (what added to her affliction) with the use of her reason, to know that she was despoiled of her fortune, and despised by those very persons by whose opinion her whole life had been guided.

Paul

Paul was buried close by Mary, near the same tuft of bamboos; and they placed round them their tender mothers, and faithful servants. No marble has been erected over their humble hillocks, nor inscription engraved to their virtues; but their memory remains uneffaced in the hearts of those they have obliged. Their shades have no need of pomp, which they avoided while living.

The voice of the people, which is silent concerning the monuments raised to the honour of kings, has given to several parts of this island, names, which will eternize the loss of Mary.

Near



Near the Isle of Amber, amidst the banks of sand, is a place called the Pass of St. Gerand, the name of the ship in which she perished returning from Europe. The extremity of that long point of land, which you perceive about three leagues hence, half covered with the waves of the sea, which the St. Gerand could not double, is called the Unfortunate Cape; and here, at the end of this valley before us, the Tomb Bay, where Mary was found buried in the sand; as if the sea had restored her to her friends, and rendered the last duties to her modesty, upon the very shores she had honoured with her innocence.

Young

Young people, so tenderly united! mothers so unhappy! dear family! These woods, which afforded you their shade, these springs, which flowed but for you, these hillocks, on which you reposed, deplore yet your loss. No one, since you, hath dared to cultivate this desolate land, nor rebuild your humble cots. Your goats are become wild; your vineyards are destroyed; your birds are flown away; and the sparrow hawk is no longer heard in the island. For me, I behold you no more. I am as a friend left friendless, as a father deprived of his children, as a traveller wandering in a country where there are none but myself.

As

As he spoke the words, the venerable old man retired, his tears copiously flowed, and mine had streamed more than once during this melancholy recital.

FINIS.





